

DREADING MODEL'S FATE, GIRL FIGHTS FOR DEATH.

Pretty Nineteen-Year-Old Lillie Arnaw Makes Two Desperate Attempts at Suicide—Onlookers in a Panic.

"I have not been able to earn enough honestly to pay my board; so I decided to end it all. I didn't want to suffer like La Roque's fate."

That was the explanation pretty nineteen-year-old Lillie Arnaw gave for two attempts at suicide that threw the office building at No. 721 Broadway into an uproar this morning.

Her first effort to kill herself caused a panic among twenty women employees on the upper floor, and her second resulted in a life and death struggle on a stairway in which half a dozen men were finally engaged in opposition to the girl.

Miss Arnaw lives alone at No. 117 Norfolk street, and is considered the prettiest girl in the block. Many young men have sought her acquaintance only to be rebuffed.

Working for Leon Wechsler, a clothing manufacturer at No. 721 Broadway, she was able until three or four weeks ago to make a humble living. Then illness came and she was not able to do more than half as much work as ordinarily. She was employed on piecework, and, although Mr. Wechsler's foreman gave her every opportunity, she could only work a portion of the time. Her earnings fell to less than \$2 a week, and she saw no hope of being able to earn more.

In the eighth floor workrooms of Mr. Wechsler's factory in Allen street today, worked a short time with her fellow employees. Then she sprang to her feet, pulled a bottle from her dress and lifted it to drain its carbolic acid draught.

Other girls who knew that she was dependent had been watching her. They grabbed her arm before she could drink the acid.

She struggled with them and was getting the bottle close to her lips when David Lewis, the foreman, seized her wrist. She struggled desperately with him and the girls ran screaming away from her. Two of the women employees fainted. In the struggle for the bottle the girl and Lewis were severely burned about the arms by the spilling of the acid. When Lewis saw that the bottle was empty he let go of the girl and turned to attend to his burns.

Miss Arnaw dashed away and escaped down the stairs in the confusion. Ignoring the elevator, she ran to the third floor. There she clambered up on the balustrade, pulled it down and threw herself over it. She landed on the floor below, and Benjamin Silverstein, who works in the building, pulled her back. He had to fight almost for his own life then to keep the frenzied girl from throwing herself over the balustrade and carrying him with her. Both were in imminent danger of falling until other men came to Silverstein's aid. It took six of them to hold the girl.

Policeman Dehn, of the Mercer street station, came in, attracted by the noise, and at sight of him the girl quieted down. She was taken in a patrol wagon to the police station. There, to the sergeant, she made the pathetic declaration which appears in the beginning of this story.

BOY DIES, PREY TO AMBITION.

Dominick Abrasini, a poor boy seventeen years old, who came to New York from Italy three years ago, killed himself in the home of his sister, at No. 77 Thompson street, this morning by drinking carbolic acid.

Back of the suicide is the story of an ambitious youth who desired knowledge, who had planned to be a great lawyer and educator, who had lived with his books and had studied until his sight was ruined and his health gone. Then he was ordered from school and sent to the country.

Realizing that he could not be graduated from school with his class, he preferred death, and this morning came staggering back to his sister's home, swallowed the contents of a bottle of carbolic acid and then fell in his sister's arms, crying:

"I'm a dead man; it's no use to send for the doctor."

And when the doctor came he was dead. Soon the news was known throughout the Italian settlement in which his home was, and the grief was deep. Dominick, because of his ambitions and his brightness, was a favorite. He was the clerk of the neighborhood. He wrote the letters for those who, although older, had not learned how. He was the authority on the kind of house people should read, and already he had started the children younger than himself on courses of study.

He was to have been graduated next month from the High school, and this was what he considered would be the crowning moment in his life. He never dreamed of going to college, being poor.

Then the doctor said that he could not finish High school, even. He was given



LILLIE ARNAW.

signs of consumption and his eyes were falling all this from pouring over his books until way into the night and reading incessantly.

His sister took him to a relative in Elma, N. J., and there expected that he would at least recuperate. That was one day last week. The sister returned to New York immediately.

This morning she was startled to see Dominick come staggering through the door to her home. He seemed completely broken in spirit, and before he could be stopped he had swallowed the deadly drug.

WIFE-BEATER SHOTS HIMSELF.

In a cell in the West Twentieth street police station, John Mykyn, a wife-beater, attempted suicide at 1:30 o'clock this morning by shooting himself through the side with a 44-calibre revolver. He is dying at the New York Hospital.

His wife, who was nursing a three-week-old infant when he last attacked her, refuses to go to him.

The Mykyn family live at No. 217 West Nineteenth street, where Mrs. Mykyn is janitress. Her sixteen-year-old daughter Florence, and Charles, two years younger, aid in the support of their mother and five brothers and sisters. Their baby sister, Alice, is only six weeks old.

Beat All the Family. Mykyn is a worthless and brutal fellow, according to the police. He drank and lived off the earnings of his wife and children. Last August he waylaid his daughter Florence in the street and tried to take her week's wages from her. She escaped him and he followed her into the house and thrashed the entire family. He was sent to the island for six months but got off after four months on his promise to reform.

Last night Mykyn met his son Charles on Seventh avenue. The boy would not speak to his father, but the latter nailed him.

"I'll be around there to-night and I'll finish the whole pack of you," said the father.

The boy saw his father was in liquor and fearing he might carry out his threat, notified the police. About 10 o'clock Policeman Stanley caught up with Mykyn in Seventh avenue and placed him under arrest.

Work of a Moment. As the doorman was leaving the prison yard he heard the report of a revolver and running back found Mykyn stretched out on his cot and his shirt afire.

Anthony opened the cell, put out the blaze and found a big hole in the man's side. Underneath him was the smoking revolver. A New York Hospital ambulance was summoned. Mykyn retained consciousness and held on to the tobacco. He was offered a drink of water, but refused it, saying he preferred the tobacco. He pointed to his trouser leg when asked how he had smuggled the revolver into his cell.

At the hospital the doctors said the

FISHERMEN HOOK A CORPSE.

Gruesome Catch in Lake Kenosha Hooks White Plains Anglers.

WHITE PLAINS, N. Y., May 6.—While Eugene Halpin and Dr. Hopkins, of White Plains, were fishing today in Kenosha Lake their hooks became caught. The fishermen thought they had a big fish and pulling down a hookhook they pulled up the fully dressed body of a man.

After they recovered from their shock they looked at ashore. Eugene Russell was said to be making an investigation. Nothing was found on the body when a child lead to his identification, and the body had been in the water for some time. It is thought the body is that of a sailor.

TESTIMONY IN THE FOODY CASE CLOSED

Both Sides Rest and Lawyers Are Given Until Next Tuesday to File Their Briefs with Commissioner.

Testimony in the trial of Police Captain Michael Foody was concluded this afternoon.

Ex-Judge Olcott, counsel for Foody, asked for two weeks in which to prepare the brief which is to be submitted to the Commissioner.

"I think two weeks is a long time," said the Commissioner. The District Attorney thought two weeks was about a week too long.

"We have two other captains to try," said Jerome.

After hearing ex-Judge Olcott's argument, Commissioner Partridge gave both sides until next Tuesday to submit their briefs.

The captains Mr. Jerome referred to are Churchill and Gannon.

When the trial was resumed today, Martin Scurry, Foody's wardman, was put on the stand. He told how he had collected evidence in the case.

Scurry was put through a rigid cross-examination by Mr. Jerome, who wanted the policeman to produce his memorandum book. Scurry said he could not remember what he had done with the book. Scurry shifted nervously in his chair while being cross-examined. Capt. Foody took Scurry into the precinct from the Delancey street station.

Till with District Attorney. "You heard that Christianson testified that the liquor-dealers would keep on paying blackmail?" Mr. Jerome asked Scurry. Christianson is Vice-President of the Liquor Dealers' Association in Foody's precinct. Mr. Olcott objected to the question. Captain Christianson had accused him of accepting blackmail.

"I didn't tell him anything except that Jerome was trying to spring another fake sensation!"

A number of citizens, including doctors, lawyers and tradesmen, of Capt. Foody's precinct, gave testimony favorable to the accused captain. All agreed that the moral standard of the precinct is much better now than under his predecessor, Capt. Conroy.

Detective Sherwood testified that he and Scurry had tried to obtain evidence of excise violation.

"Do you know a Mrs. Waller?" asked the District Attorney.

"No, sir."

"You visited her flat before election?" The witness could not remember.

Patrick Timoney, another detective, was called.

"You are the ward man?"

"I don't mean the collector," said the District Attorney.

Mr. Olcott objected and Commissioner Partridge reproved the District Attorney.

BOY SENT TO JAIL TO CURE HIS LOVE.

Francesco Made Only \$9 a Week and Mamie Really Couldn't Marry that Unifluent Salary, Don't You Know

Ralph, Francesco, a love-sick youth, was sent to jail by Magistrate Connor, in the Long Island City Court today.

"A few weeks behind bars will bring you to your senses, perhaps," said the Court.

Francesco is twenty years old and is employed by the new East River Gaslight Company at \$9 a week.

Beside him in court today stood the young woman to whom Ralph lost his heart. She told the Court all about it.

"I am Mamie Carter," she said. "I am eighteen years old and live at No. 35 Main street, Astoria."

"Ralph made love to me, and I liked him. He wanted to marry me, but when he told me he only made \$9 a week I turned him down. Why, I make \$9 a week myself. What could we both do on that?"

Then he got angry and I had to warn him to keep away and I told my father. Last night he came to the house, and, getting me alone in the parlor, he pulled out a revolver and said:

"Get down on your knees and swear to marry me or I'll kill you and your father and your mother."

"I got down on my knees and promised. He went away satisfied."

That was the last way to get rid of him, I thought," added Mamie, as she saw the Magistrate smile.

The boy had nothing to say in defense.

WAR STILL GOES ON.

Kitchener Reports Ten Boats Sunk and 125 Made Prisoners.

LONDON, May 6.—Lord Kitchener's weekly report, dated from Pretoria, yesterday, shows that the peace movement is not allowed to interfere with military operations, and that a series of successful operations have been carried out between the sea and the interior.

Eight Boats were sunk and 125 men killed and 125 made prisoners.

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(A. J. Hall, M. D.)

DR. KILMER & CO., Birmingham, N. Y.

GENTLEMEN:—I have prescribed that wonderful remedy for kidney complaint, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, with most beneficial effect and know of many cures by its use. These patients had kidney trouble, as diagnosed by other physicians, and treated without benefit. Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root effected a cure. I am a liberal man and accept a specific wherever I find it. In an accepted school or out of it. For desperate cases of kidney complaint under treatment with unsatisfactory results I turn to Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root with most flattering results. I shall continue to prescribe it, and from personal observation state that Swamp-Root has great curative properties. Truly yours,

(R. Barton Irish, M. D.)

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Swamp-Root is pleasant to take and is used in the leading hospitals, recommended by physicians in their private practice and is taken by doctors themselves who have kidney ailments, because they recognize in it the greatest and most successful remedy for kidney, liver and bladder troubles.

SPECIAL NOTE:—If you have the slightest symptoms of kidney or bladder trouble, or if there is a trace of it in your family history, send at once to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Birmingham, N. Y., who will gladly send you by mail, immediately, without cost to you, a sample bottle of Swamp-Root and a book telling all about Swamp-Root and containing many of the thousands upon thousands of testimonial letters received from men and women cured. In writing to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Birmingham, be sure to say that you read this generous offer in the New York Evening World.

If you are already convinced that Swamp-Root is what you need, you can purchase the regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles at the drug stores everywhere. Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Swamp-Root, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root and the address, Birmingham, N. Y.

CRUTCH-BOUND.

The crutch is a poor substitute for legs, and affords a very inconvenient and tiresome mode of locomotion—there is no more pathetic sight than a person slowly and painfully moving along the street supported by these artificial limbs.

When Rheumatism settles in the bones and muscles of the legs, the victim eventually becomes helpless and crutch-bound. The corrosive, irritating matter that is deposited in the joints and muscles causes the most intense pain, the knees and ankles swell, and when the natural oils and fluids that lubricate these parts are destroyed the joints become locked and the muscles drawn and stiff.

The acid poisons that produce rheumatic pains form in the blood, and are distributed through the system, and lodged in the arms, shoulders, hands, back and feet, or other parts of the body—resulting often in total disability. A permanent cure of Rheumatism can be effected only by a complete cleansing of the blood, and no other remedy so surely accomplishes this as S. S. S. It neutralizes the acid effluvia, purifies and invigorates the stagnant blood, and the gritty particles are washed out or disintegrated by the new rich blood, and relief comes to the pain-racked sufferer.

S. S. S. leaves no morbid, irritating matter in the blood to reabsorb and produce another attack, but expels every atom of it from the system. S. S. S. is a purely vegetable remedy, and does not impair the digestion or general health like alkali or opium remedies.

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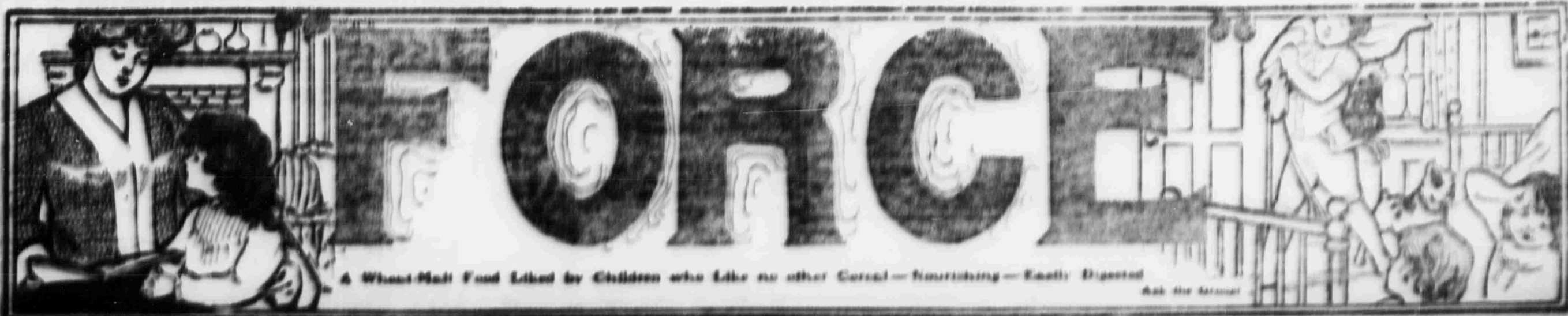
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